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VOL. XVIII.

MIND READING.

WHAT MR. BISHOP DID IN WASHINGTON.

A Mysterious Display of a Strange Power—A Literal Recital of What the Mind Reader Did Before a Distinguished Audience—The Secret of His Power Unveiled.

WASHINGTON, December 25.—[Special.]—A more intelligent audience I have never seen in Washington than that which filled the Masonic temple last Tuesday night. There were senators, representatives, foreign ministers, doctors, lawyers, journalists, merchants and capitalists. A set of people whom it would be more difficult to deceive could not have been called at the capital. They had met to see Washington Irving Bishop, "the mind reader," give a series of experiments.

I suppose three-fourths of the audience went there with about the same feeling that I had. Everybody has read of Bishop's performances before the crowned heads of Europe and before thousands of people in the great cities of Europe and America. But in reading of these stories of his tricks, experiments, or whatever you may please to call them, I fancy that almost every one has something of the feeling of the fellow who heard a friend relate a marvelous incident which had fallen under his personal observation. The amazed listener, his hand to his forehead, said: "That is wonderful. You would not have believed it possible if you had not seen it, would you?"

"Well, I didn't see it," replied the narrator. "So, almost everybody who has not seen Bishop has taken the printed and related accounts of his performance with a good deal of skepticism, though everybody would gladly have believed all that is said of his recent demonstration to the Boston witnesses, that there are some things beyond even their far-reaching ken."

The mind reader certainly did not have a sympathetic audience before him when he stepped from behind a real curtain on to the stage last Tuesday night. His appearance was calculated to intensify rather than to allay prejudice against him. He is a pale, thin little man with a bushy growth of blonde hair over his eyes and cheeks. His faded blue eyes are set in red-rimmed lids. In his dress suit, with a great, blinding diamond star pendant from a neck-chain and resting in the center of his breast, he looked like a picture of a consumptive duke. The star is the gift of some gifted European monarch. A sharp-featured youth who tapped the piano with a dreamy indifference was the only other figure on the stage.

The outlook was not encouraging. Mr. Bishop began by expressing the hope that he would give a fair trial, and that he would be able to explain any of his experiments and the opportunity for such explanation would be afforded, and no offense would be taken.

The audience was requested to name the committee who should sit on the stage, assist in the experiments and see that everything was fair and done without the slightest aid or suggestion from confederates. The following committee was chosen: Senator Ingalls, Senator Platt, Congressman Burrows, R. F. Porter, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Reed, Mr. Harkness, Mr. C. H. Archibald, Mr. Hopkins, Dr. Aspell and Assistant Attorney-General McCammon.

Every one of these gentlemen was well known to the audience, and none of them had ever seen Bishop before. He started out with the closest scrutiny possible upon his every movement and with a decided lack of sympathy on the part of the hundreds of people who were to witness his experiment.

The first act was a SUPPOSED ASSASSINATION. Mr. Bishop produced a gilded paper-cutter, which was to serve as a dagger. He asked the audience to select any one on the stage or off it to act as the assassin. The Swedish minister, Mr. Reuterskiold, was elected to the sanguinary office.

"Now," said Mr. Bishop, "I will be taken from the hall into a room down stairs by any one of the committee. While I am gone, you may take this dagger, go into the audience and pretend to stab any person you please. Then hide your weapon anywhere in this hall. I will return blindfolded, and led by a member of the committee. If you will then come and put your hand in mine, I will find the dagger; I will find it in exactly the position you held it; I will find the person you struck, and will pretend to stab him or her in exactly the place you selected—my eyes being bandaged all the time."

Dr. Morrison took Mr. Bishop out of the hall, closed the door, and conducted him to a room down stairs, shut that door and sat there alone with him. Mr. Reuterskiold, after Bishop had retired went into the audience, walked about half an hour, and then returned to his seat in the left aisle, and pretended to stab in the left shoulder of a man who sat in the middle of one of the rows. He then went fifty feet away, wrapped the dagger in a lady's cloak and asked her to sit on it, which she did.

Mr. Bishop was recalled. He appeared with Dr. Morrison who had bound over his eyes a white silk handkerchief, and he was impossible. Bishop took Mr. Reuterskiold's left hand in his. As he did so he trembled violently and waved his disengaged right hand wildly in the air. After grasping the hand of the Swedish minister, Bishop said: "You have just taken a narrow side, dragging the Swedish minister after him. He went directly to the row where the dagger was, and he found it in the left shoulder of the man who stood before him. There he seemed to stab him. He waved his right hand again, rubbed it over his brow and said: 'Madam, you please rise?'"

The instant she was out of the chair he had the dagger. Then he went out into the aisle again, crossed into another aisle, made his way directly to the man who had been stabbed, and struck him in the left shoulder. This was the spot Mr. Reuterskiold had chosen. This brought the audience around, and gave the "mind reader" whatever benefit their confidence in his capacity could confer. "And," exactly the same conditions he allowed two of the committee while he was out of the hall to go into the audience, pretend to stab three persons in different parts of the hall, wrap them in a handkerchief and conceal the dagger. Mr. Bishop came back blindfolded and pointed by Senator Platt. He took the two supposed thieves, grasped both their left hands in his left, and went almost directly to the package of stolen articles which was concealed under the steps leading to the stage. He then took the few moments restored to each of the owners the property and placed it in exactly the position it occupied when it was taken.

THE BANK NOTE TRICK. One of the best he did. When Mr. Bishop was in London last year, Mr. Henry Labouchere, of Truth, offered to wager \$5,000 that Bishop could not read the number on a bank note he had not seen. Bishop accepted the wager on condition that the winner should receive the profits to some charitable object. The bank note was a five-pound note, and the number was 12345678. Bishop gave the number 12345678, and the bank note was never seen, but Mr. Labouchere refused to pay on the ground that the gentlemen who held the note and assisted Bishop, said he had a brand new treasury

note which had never been in circulation, and it was selected. Mr. Burrows was asked to memorize the number, and he did so. While he examined the note Bishop was thirty feet distant and had his back turned. The note was then handed to another member of the committee, and Mr. Bishop was blindfolded. He took Mr. Burrows by the hand, and going to the blackboard wrote these figures: 18, 806, 680.

The handage was taken from his eyes, and he was told that Senator Ingalls held the note. He said: "Senator, look at the note? If that is its number, read it out." Senator Ingalls opened the sealed envelope which contained the note, and said: "This bill is numbered 18,806,680."

"Then," said Mr. Bishop, "Mr. Labouchere owes me another thousand pounds." He asked any member of the committee to write the name of any person in the audience and place it in a sealed envelope. Assistant Attorney-General McCammon did so. Bishop was blindfolded, placed the letter in his left coat pocket, took Mr. McCammon by the hand, walked out into the audience and handed the note to an old gentleman, saying: "You please read that?"

"A. O. Aldis," read the old gentleman. "That is your name?" "That is my name," was the reply. But by far the most remarkable experiment was the last.

Senator Ingalls, Congressman Burrows and Dr. Aspell were requested to take any article from the hall, go outside the building and conceal it anywhere within five minutes' walk of the building. They took an ordinary brass pin and went out. In about ten minutes they returned. They were blindfolded Bishop. He wrapped a piece of coarse wire about his left wrist and about the left wrist of each of the three gentlemen who had hidden the pin. He darted out of the hall, dragging the dignified committee after him, at an embarrassing pace. When he reached the sidewalk he shut down the street for an entire block, turned to the right, passed four houses and passed the fifth in a moment he opened the door and entered. A dozen men stood inside, most of them newspaper correspondents, awaiting the result of the experiment. Bishop, with his covered eyes, went directly to Mr. Webb, son of Commissioner Webb, of this district, and pulled the pin from behind his coat lapel where Senator Ingalls had hidden it.

Now, I have given as literal a statement of what I saw this man do as it is possible for me to put into words.

HOW DOES HE DO IT? I confess my inability to throw any light on that inquiry. I hope some of my readers can do so. It may be easier for one who has not seen these things done to explain them than for one who has been mystified by observing them.

Mr. Bishop himself offers no explanation of his remarkable power. If he had any he would be bound to give it for out of the mystery he has made fortune, and is swelling it every day. He claims no supernatural aid, nor any aid of any sort. He says simply that the faculty of reading your thoughts, and that if you don't believe him you can try him.

I have never read or heard any explanation of his performances which appeared to me to challenge the slightest fact. The common expression of those who hear of this man's "oh! it is all humbug!"

That is hardly the reply which thoughtful people will make to such a query. If it is "all humbug" nobody has yet been able to expose it or to give even a probable explanation of it.

Dr. Manion, an eminent oculist of this city, who watched Bishop Tuesday night probably more closely than any one else, says he believes his power comes from a peculiar development of the sense of touch. Unconsciously the mind moves the muscles even in its most accustomed operations and there might be a touch so sensitive and delicate that it could translate this telegraphic from the batteries of the brain. This explanation leaves the matter as much a mystery as it was before; now does it lessen the mystery of the man who can read your thoughts and translate through the medium of our muscles.

All I know about it is that he does just what he pretends to do. I cannot avoid expressions of the wise man who can tell me how he does it.

Senator Van Wyck does not expect to see his resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution, providing for the election of senators directly by the people, adopted by either house of congress. It is merely the expression of his own opinion. It will give him an opportunity to make a speech on the subject as soon as he can get an opportunity.

Secretary and Mrs. Whitney entertained the sixty boys and girls of the Episcopal church orphanage with the Christmas tree in their hall room, which they used yesterday in entertaining the children of their friends at a Christmas party. The little orphans were delighted with the good cheer and pretty gifts which they received.

SENATOR LOGAN DYING. The Doctors Think His Life May End at Any Moment.

WASHINGTON, December 25.—Senator John A. Logan has been suffering from rheumatism for a couple of weeks and no particular attention has been paid to the fact because of the nature of the disease. But today it becomes known that his condition is serious and that his life may end at any moment. His brain has become involved to a degree that alarms his friends and caused his physician, Surgeon J. H. Baxter, chief medical officer of the army, to call in for consultation Dr. Hamilton, chief of the Marine Hospital service, and Dr. Lincoln, a prominent physician of private practice. Thirteen physicians were held today, and one of the three doctors will be with him constantly until the crisis is past. The physicians think the crisis of the disease will not be reached for 48 hours. He has passed a greater part of last 24 hours in a stupor or lethargic sleep.

At midnight Senator Logan's condition was reported as more favorable, and there seems to be no fears of immediate fatal termination of his illness. The doctors think the crisis of the disease is yet forty-eight hours distant.

HEAVY FAILURES. The Thompson Manufacturing Company, of Rockford, Ill., Assigns.

ROCKFORD, Ill., December 25.—The N. C. Thompson Manufacturing company made an assignment today. Liabilities are placed at \$200,000, and assets, including the plant, machinery and bank accounts, at \$350,000. This is a decidedly a much larger sum than they are really worth. The company was organized two years ago with a capital stock of \$200,000. It was the outcome of the business of N. C. Thompson, who came to this city from the south in 1879 and built up a large business. Later he contracted many bad debts. In 1885 the Home Savings bank, of this city, which was owned by him, closed its doors and the deposits in the bank were lost. There are about 150 persons in Rockford and this section who hold stock in the company.

A Tragedy in Birmingham. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., December 25.—[Special.] Buzzard Roost, the notorious negro quarter of the city, came to a terrible end today with another tragedy. A negro named Alex. McCarty was shot through the head and killed by unknown parties. No arrests have been made.

CLARA AT THE BALL.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

How the Duke of Sutherland was Snubbed in Retaliation for an Assault—The Ball at Koster and Bial's—The Swells Out in Force—Other Gossip of Gotham—Etc.

NEW YORK, December 25.—[Special.]—There are four hundred and sixty-seven persons out of New York's million who are "in society." You are incredulous. Well, let us figure up. To begin with, we must admit, for argument's sake if not for fact, that the Astor stratum is not in the social geography. Now, then, the picture of the ball was danced this week. The utmost precaution had been taken to keep it exclusive. Criticism was made last season that several of these extra-sensitive occasions were demoralized by the presence of a few uneducated and unqualified guests. This time the lines were drawn with rigidity. The ball was given by fifty patriarchs, all within the wall beyond pervasiveness. Even so firmly established a swell as Cornelius Vanderbilt was new to this sacred hall, he had been elected this year. Each paid \$150 to cover the expenses and received an invitation for his immediate family, besides others for five persons whom he might choose as suitable. This method was calculated to secure exactitude in admitting only individuals "in society." The number was four hundred and sixty-seven, by a careful reckoning, and of them all except forty-two were there.

The Duke of Sutherland was left out. Not by accident, but intentionally. It was well enough known that he had arrived from England several days before. Every other titled Englishman in town was present, and Lord Sutherland was particularly prominent, but no one of the fifty patriarchs asked Sutherland to come. The reason was that he had been elected and derided New York society. When here last spring, he went to a wedding breakfast wearing a checked business suit, such as a professional sport might have taken pride in at a horse race; and, when his strange defiance of usage was commented on, he replied that anything was good enough for New York. The snub of Anglomaniacs couldn't stand such an insult, and so the duke got no invitation—possibly for fear that he might appear in a costume.

Several of the nicest swell parties from the avenue went to another ball as an exploit. They thought private boxes for the ball at Koster and Bial's were a thing to be desired. The things safely from behind screening curtains. A few stood concealed by a rampart of potted trees and vines, some of them in full bloom, and some in bud. The duke, looking down from a fashionable one in high life before one o'clock. The dresses were in a mode, many were wholly modest, several were looked at with admiration. The duke, looking down from a fashionable one in high life before one o'clock. The dresses were in a mode, many were wholly modest, several were looked at with admiration.

She could hardly distinguish the occasion from a fashionable one in high life before one o'clock. The dresses were in a mode, many were wholly modest, several were looked at with admiration. The duke, looking down from a fashionable one in high life before one o'clock. The dresses were in a mode, many were wholly modest, several were looked at with admiration.

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allay no girl that I'm chapone act like that." The man thought it would be a good idea to draw the line sharply, but what is a chapone for anyway? Backstory is a suddenly new science of my own. It is no great thing to read the lines in the hand. Why, one's character sticks out all over, and if it is particularly bristling and obtrusive across the back of the neck and shoulders, I took a lesson in an opera box in Germany. I took a lesson in an opera box in Germany. I took a lesson in an opera box in Germany.

Just as I was getting deeply interested in the old lady, she moved to the other side of the box, and I transferred my study to the shoulders of the girl who took the seat. Plant as I was, I was not averse to a little study of myself. Those shoulders slope as at an angle which mean nothing in the world but gentleness and meekness. That line down the back of the neck, which is a high, sharp ridge, is a sign of a strong, virile character. It is a sign of a strong, virile character. It is a sign of a strong, virile character.

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CHRISTMAS IN MACON.

ONE MAN KILLED BY A STRAY BULLET.

John Reed Meets His Death in a Mysterious Manner—A Last Arrow from a Shotgun—An Arm Broken—Wedding Bells—Christmas in Macdonald—Other News Items.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—Last night, young Mr. Williams was shooting a young lady home he heard groans near Mr. Stewart McCarty's gate in East Macon, and after he had seen the lady home, he returned and found a negro, John Reed, about fifteen years old, lying on the ground with a bullet wound in his head.

Mrs. McCarty had heard a pistol fire near the gate, and attracted by the groans, she too had investigated and found the young man. The report of the shooting soon circulated among the negroes, and Reed was taken from the street and carried to a house near by, and Dr. J. G. McCarry was called.

The man was questioned, but his answers were incoherent, and in his dazed condition it was impossible to get anything definite from him. He claimed that first one and then another had shot him, and there was no doubt as to the truth of the shooting. He lingered until about two o'clock this afternoon, when he died. He has lately been in the employ of Mr. Melton, handling wood, and was seen, prior to the shooting, going toward some with the stevedore cart. There was a boy employed by Mr. McCarty, who carried a pistol, and he left the house and went out at the gate just about the time the pistol shot was heard. This circumstance was considered sufficient to warrant the officers in arresting him, and unless some clue to the identity of the shooter is obtained by the coroner's inquest, he will be apprehended.

Short News Notes.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—The coroner's jury in the Ina Reed case was summoned this evening. Enough witnesses were examined to weave pretty strong evidence around Henry McCarty, McCarty's porter. The jury then adjourned until 9 o'clock a. m. tomorrow.

The down train from Atlanta was detained several hours tonight on account of a broken axle.

A boy named Cussey had his face terribly burned with a Roman candle this evening in South Macon.

At a ball in East Macon tonight Henry Snellgrove and his son-in-law, Jordan, fell out, and Snellgrove cut Jordan, inflicting a severe wound across the face. He then ran down town, and the party was broken up.

There were eighteen prisoners docketed at police headquarters until 1 o'clock tonight. Mr. Haverly, a barber, was employed by a large crowd tonight, and they marched up Cotton avenue to Mayor Price's residence and loitered in front of it.

Hor El Shorter and wife, of Euflalia, Ala., are visiting relatives in Macon.

Hotels Holiday.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—At the Brown house today, one of the most elegant holiday dinners ever given in this city was spread before the guests. The menu cards were works of art, and the happy and festive air on the inside of the covers were very suggestive of the season. The bill of fare comprised every substantial viand to be had in this country, and the party was marvellous in design and sweet to the taste. The guests present pronounced it the success of the season.

At the Edgerton, a splendid dinner was given, and this time the reputation for tasteful selection and excellent cooking. The menu cards were very neat and tasty in design, and the bill of fare was completely different from the one given at the Christmas entertainment.

The Hotel Lanier never does anything by halves, and their beautiful parchment menu card contained a bill of fare comprising every dish, but all of the choicest selections, served in the best possible manner. The card was printed in substantial English, and no French terms were given, and the happy and festive air on the inside of the covers were very suggestive of the season.

Two negroes, whose names could not be learned, got into a quarrel in front of Louis Briches's store, Vineville branch today, and one cut the other across the face, inflicting a wound so that he will lose the sight of it.

Some one fired a pistol shot through Louis Briches's house, on Vineville branch today. The ball passed through the outer and underclothing of Briches's stepdaughter, cutting a hole through every article of clothing she had on, but did not touch the flesh. It was a very narrow escape.

Stick Folks.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—Dr. J. C. Johnson informed your correspondent to-day that pneumonia is somewhat abating in this city.

Mr. Coley, the East Tennessee operator, who had such a violent attack is better, and hopes of his recovery are entertained.

Mr. Gross, engine driver for the railroad, having a severe attack of congestion of the stomach.

Mrs. Wiley Jones, of the Southern hotel, is better.

Mr. Whit Hardy, of East Macon, has been very ill, but is better.

Mr. Coleman, who was supposed to have had hydrophobic symptoms in jail, is better.

Christmas Casualties.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—Dr. W. C. Gibson was called to operate on the little two-year-old son of Mr. Kilgore's eye today. The little lady is very bright, and the parents are devotedly attached to their pretty baby.

He tried to pop a large cracker, but held it in his left hand, too near his face, and his left eye was so badly burned that he will probably lose it. Dr. Gibson had to administer anæsthetics to perform the operation.

A negro named Everett, on Orange street, was shot through the hand, sustaining an ugly wound, by feeling with a pistol today.

Wedding Bells.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—To-day Isaac Mallory and Carrie Gardner, colored, took it into their heads to enjoy Christmas together, so they hunted up Ordinary McMillan, secured a license, and then sought Judge M. R. Freeman. The latter came down to his office and tied the knot, and they followed, and for the blissful pair, who were away mutually pleased with what Santa Claus brought them.

A Fox Hunt.

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—Macon enjoyed the novel sight of a fox chase on the streets today. Poor Reynard was turned loose by the Amateurs, and the hounds followed on trail, and they followed, yelling and howling until the poor fox was overtaken on Third street, at Nussbaum's corner, and the chase was ended.

"King of Italy."

MACON, Ga., December 25.—[Special.]—This morning a well known man was brought to the hall, and when questioned as to his identity, said that he was "King of Italy," and had been placed in bad company over at Millidgeville, from which he had separated himself.

SIMPSON'S COON.

THE STORY OF AN OLD TIME GEORGIA HUNTER.

Christmas Glee in the Country—How a Coon was Treated—The Feats of a Fox—A Pleasant Recount of Days—The Pathetic Story of Mary Bagley—Etc., Etc.

SAVANNAH, Ga., December 25.—[These Christmas times are like what they used to be, said John Simpson sorrowfully, as he drained his glass for the seventh time. "There is no sport nor sociability to compare with the days when I was a boy."

John Simpson is tall and athletic, his fifty-five years of life sitting lightly upon his shoulders. From early manhood he has been a trapper and hunter, and is never so happy as when narrating his feats of chase. Tonight, however, his mind seemed to wander back to earlier days.

"But the world has never been the same to me," he resumed, "since Mary Bagley died. You see, in middle Georgia, where I was reared, December 25 was a day of great festivity. Every man had a good supply of corn liquor, his shotgun and his dog. When Christmas came the fun was at its height. Men gathered around in parties and shot for beef during the day and played cards and drank until midnight. At that hour they would start out to give their dogs a good thrashing, and they would be back in the house of the favored family and firing into the air. Then they would arouse and admit the revelers, treating them to the best they had. Young ladies felt it to be a great compliment for their lovers to call around in this way."

In the middle of the century, I was a boy of twenty-one. I had gone to school with Mary Bagley, and though we never said anything about it, we loved each other. When, on the Christmas eve of that year, I was about to start out with a surprise party, I said: "Boys, let's go to old man Bagley's first. They all agreed, and we soon reached the house. As we fired our first volley we could see that the inmates were up. Seized by some foolish notion—corn liquor, I reckon—we fired a second volley, and then a third. I fired a screech owl into the open underbrush, and a scream followed; the door was thrown open, and there laid Mary, wounded by my bullet, which had entered her head. I started back, but she had died before I reached her. Mary had the lockjaw, and nothing the doctor could do relieved her. She died on New Year's day, and when her body was laid in the grave my heart was broken there too."

HUNTING THE WRONG COON.

Another glass of prohibition wine seemed to buoy up the old man's feelings, and he resumed his narrative: "My education was to despise all dogs except the old long-eared hound. For the five and six years I was taught content. The nearest that ever our hounds came to making noise was when they were hunting a coon. One day, however, but for one of the Crawford boys who went along with us one night on coon hunting, we carried along a half cur and half bull dog. We called upon the dogs, and filled our pockets with roasted potatoes and started for the river bottom. We had no more than got into the wood when we heard the half cur and half bull give a bark."

"There's a rabbit," said some one, disgusted. "But directly old Blue, one of our hounds, gave a cry, and we followed him. He was the whole pack were on the hot trail. We knew the hounds wouldn't run a rabbit at night, so thought it was a 'possum. We then followed after the dog, and he led us to a river bottom, where a tree had fallen from the bluff and lodged in a big white oak that came up from the ground below. Up this bending tree the dogs had climbed, and we followed them. The old Blue was on the tree making his way for the top. We slid down the bluff and stood beneath on the bottom waiting for the dog to come. He came, and he was followed by the other dogs barked at the roots, and the first thing you know something came down through the tree top, making more fuss than a Christmas party. It was a coon, and he had fallen! Another hound then went up and for, soon hit the ground. After four of our hounds had been thrown out the half cur and half bull dog came up. He had a coon in his mouth, and he was followed by the other dogs. We arrived at the top of the tree and the coon was making more fuss than all the others together, holding on with bulldog tenacity to what we knew was a rabbit. They then followed him, and he led us to a river bottom, where a tree had fallen from the bluff and lodged in a big white oak that came up from the ground below. Up this bending tree the dogs had climbed, and we followed them. The old Blue was on the tree making his way for the top. We slid down the bluff and stood beneath on the bottom waiting for the dog to come. He came, and he was followed by the other dogs barked at the roots, and the first thing you know something came down through the tree top, making more fuss than a Christmas party. It was a coon, and he had fallen! Another hound then went up and for, soon hit the ground. After four of our hounds had been thrown out the half cur and half bull dog came up. 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THE ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF GEORGIA, in the case of
 Thornton M. Hinkle, Trustee, vs. The Georgia
 Chemical and Mining Company—No. 275 in equity
 will offer at public sale to the highest bidder at
 the usual place of having Marshal's sales, in the
 city of Atlanta, Georgia, on Friday, January 7, 1887,
 at 11 a. m., the property, real and personal, of the
 said company, as follows:
 Two tracts of land, parts of Lot No. 210, in the
 northern district of DeKalb county, state of Geo-
 rgia.

The first tract is bounded on the north by the right of way of the Georgia railroad, on the east by land of William J. Northern, on the west by land of John M. Nace (formerly), and on the south by the old Clay place, and containing 45 acres, more or less, being the same conveyed to Otto Laist as President of said Georgia C. & M. Company by Joseph Laist, of the county of Chatham, Georgia, on the 15th day of January, 1881, and recorded in Book W, page 222, last, of said county; excepting, however, a part thereof, on June 29, 1881, conveyed by said com-

to the Pendleton Guano Company, containing 160 acres, more or less, running S. 64° E. along the right of way and fronting same. 250 feet from center of Pendleton Guano Co's side track; thence 175° W. 601 feet; thence N. 73° W. 578 feet; thence N. 169° E. to small hickory tree, 442 feet; thence N. 62° E. 96 feet to post; thence N. 57° E. point between the two railroad tracks, 57 feet; thence N. 62° E. to center of side track, 984 feet. The second tract begins at the south side of the Georgia railroad, at the corner of Dr. Joseph Jones'

nd, running back his west line to southwest corner of his land; thence due west to a branch; thence north along said branch to its source; thence in a straight line to a culvert on said railroad west of the city of London; and then generally along the line of said railroad to the beginning, containing 43 acres more or less, being the same conveyed to said company by J. M. Nace, Trustee. (See deed dated May 7, 1881, and recorded in Book "W," page 10, of said land records), except a part thereof heretofore, to-wit: On August 29, 1881, conveyed

said company to George W. Scott & Co., viz.:
 commencing at a point on the said right of way,
 where the property was purchased from Mr. Jones
 and said purchase from said trustee, and
 running due south 10 chains 22 links to a point 8
 or 6 inches east of the double oaks; thence west
 3 chains 82 links to middle of run; thence up the
 middle of run to the spring; thence N. 16° E., W. 1
 chain 20 links; thence N. 28° E. in direction of
 cut under said railroad 1 chain 54 links to said
 point of way; thence E. 2° S. along said right of

of 5 chains to 30 links; thence E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. along said
of way 6 chains; thence E. 139° E. 8. along said
of way 3 chains 70 links to the beginning,
containing 15 acres. 3 roads. 7 perches.
And all the buildings, mills, machinery, tools,
furnaces, acid chambers, boilers, engines, copper
refining works and property of every kind,
whether real or personal, situated upon said land
and in the buildings thereon, being that now owned
and used by said company in its business,
together with all other property, real and per-
sonal, of the said company, owned by said com-

and all other property; and material, rights and privileges appurtenant to it; wherever situated in the northern district of Georgia; the benefit of all contracts with other companies or persons; all franchises, rights and privileges of said company, personal property not used as a part of the factory or tools, including material and goods manufactured or in process of manufacture, except such acid and acid phosphate as the receiver of said company may have to receive; and all the said property, real and personal, shall be sold separately or in lots, for cash.

the plant, represented by the land, buildings, machinery, tools, fixtures, engines, boilers, chambers, copper reduction works, laboratory, and all appliances and appurtenances used in the factory, shall be sold in one parcel. Ten thousand dollars of purchase money to be paid cash upon the sale, balance within five days. Said balance, for any part thereof, may at the bidder's option, be paid in bonds or coupons of said company, to be shared in the proceeds of the sale, to the extent to which the said bonds or coupons will be entitled.

and to share in distribution of proceeds of the sale.
 THORNTON M. HINKLE,
 Commissioner of said court,
 JULIUS L. BROWN,
 ABBOTT & SMITH,
 Attorneys.

with its sonorous diapason. It was a large snore proceeding from the large man who had just begun to sleep off his large drunk.

In spite of all the new remedies for coughs
and colds Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup still leads.



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During the holidays we are offering a
Solid Silver Thimble
FOR
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Call and see our attractive stock.

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CHEAPEST IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Daily Weather Bulletin.
OBSERVER'S OFFICE, SIGNAL SERVICE, U. S. A.,
U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE, December 25, 1909. P. M.
All observations taken at the same moment time
at each place named.

	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Wind.	Direction.	Force.	Clouds.	Weather.
Augusta	30.10	45	E		00	Cloudy.	
Savannah	30.10	45	E		00	Cloudy.	
Jacksonville	30.04	49	W		00	Clear.	
Montgomery	30.00	47	W		00	Cloudy.	
New Orleans	30.00	47	W		00	Cloudy.	
Galveston	29.94	50	E		00	Clear.	
Palm Beach	29.94	50	E		00	Clear.	
Fort Smith	29.94	50	E		00	Clear.	
Shreveport	29.94	50	E		00	Clear.	

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.	
8 a. m.	30.05/30.30 NW 6 00 Clear.
2 p. m.	30.12/30.30 SE 12 00 Fair.
8 p. m.	30.05/30.30 SE 12 00 Clear.
Maximum thermometer.	30
Minimum thermometer.	32
Total rainfall.	.40

BEN. H. PORTER, WALTER B. PORTER

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31 PEACHTREE STREET, ATLANTA, GA.
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ZEIGLER BROS., AND BENNETT &
BARNARD'S

HAND AND MACHINE MADE SHOES

For Ladies, Misses' and Children. A

VARIETY OF SHADES

—And—

Grades of Slippers

—FOR—

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Full Line Dancing Pumps, Congress and Oxford.

PORTER BROS.,

31 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
2—sun wed—5c 5th pg.

**WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER
OIL AND LIME**

Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,
and all Scrofulous Humors.
Persons who have been taking Cod-Liver
Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor
has succeeded, from directions of several professional
gentlemen, in combining the pure Oil and lime in
such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and
its effects in Lung complaints are truly wonderful.
Very many persons whose cases were pronounced
hopeless, and who had taken the clear Oil for a
long time without marked effect, have been cured
by using this preparation. Be sure and get the
genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR,
Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.
50 to 50 last pg.

HAWKES'
PATENT.
Eye Glasses and Crystallized Lenses

Have seen the admiration of every Spectacle
wearer who has used them. They stand unrivaled
in their splendid reputation. Our testimonials are
from governors, senators, legislators, and from the
most distinguished men in all branches of science,
who have had their sight improved by their use.
Mr. Hawkes adapts glasses to all conditions of
the eyes.
Frames in all styles fitted to these lenses without
extra charge. Gold, silver, nickel, steel, celluloid
bifocal, pantooscopic, panto and riding bows, spec-
tacles and eye glass bridges to fit any nose.
Prescriptions filled and spectacles made to order.
A. R. HAWKES, Optician,
29 Decatur St., Under Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.
25c 5th pg.

WINTER RESORTS.

THOMASVILLE, GA.

The Mitchell House.

OPEN JANUARY FIRST.

New Brick, Steam-heated Hotel. With all modern
appliances for comfort of Southern visitors.
Table appointments unsurpassed. S. F. & N. R. R.
and Louisville & Nashville excursion tickets to or
from Florida, good for unlimited stop-over. Time,
three hours from Way Cross.

MIHA WELCH, Proprietor.

Only a few more of the Bal-
timore syndicate houses left. A
small cash payment and a
monthly installment of \$30 or
\$40 per month will secure one
of those elegant Spring street
or Hunnicutt avenue houses.
Call early and secure one.
Jacob Haas, Gate City Bank
building.

sp

For washing use Mendles-

son's soap extract. Nothing
superior to it. Call and get a
trial package and you will use
no other. Robert Dohme,
agent, 88 Whitehall street.
Sole agent for Atlanta, Ga. u

Yes, You Will

Surely be pleased with the stock of Christmas cards
at John M. Miller's, 31 Marietta street.

Your Sweetheart

Is expecting a Christmas card from you. Call and
examine John M. Miller's stock, at 31 Marietta
street.

sp

DOGS AND CHICKENS.

The Exhibit of the National Bench and
Poultry Association.

ATHENS, Tenn., December 25.—[Special.]—
Every person in the south who is interested in fine
poultry, dogs and pigeons should, by all means, see
the exhibit to be made in Atlanta, January 15-22.
Under the auspices of the National Poultry and
Bench association. The exhibition promises to be
one of the very finest ever held in this section of
the United States, and will comprise some of the
most valuable specimens in the country. To many
people it will, no doubt, be a matter of surprise to
learn that single specimens of poultry which could
not be purchased for less than \$100 will be
shown. Yet it is a fact. Probably
the most interesting portion of the exhibit
to others than breeders of poultry will be the dis-
play of dogs. The exhibit in this division promises
to be unusually fine, especially from the east, north
and northwest. Almost every variety will be
shown. Major J. M. Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio,
will judge the sporting and Mr. T. F. Rockham,
of New Jersey, the non-sporting classes. No section
of our country contains finer sporting dogs than the
south, and as the exhibit from other sections prom-
ises to be so fine, and the most competent judges in
the country have been obtained, the management
earnestly requests southern breeders to exhibit the
best specimens of their kennels, in
all classes. The bench exhibit will
continue four days only, January 15, 19, 20 and 21.
The association is a member of the American Ken-
nel club, which fact makes the awards in this di-
vision more valuable. The various express com-
panies will return free all exhibits which do not
change ownership, and all southern railroads will
under the same conditions, admit visitors to the ex-
hibition. Reduced railroad rates have also been ob-
tained.
The building in which the exhibition will be held
is admirably adapted to all the pur-
poses of the association and every pre-
caution will be taken to prevent an exposure of
exhibits. Some of the most noted breeders in the
country will be present. The list of premiums
which is very fine, the rules and regulations govern-
ing the exhibition, entry forms, etc., can be ob-
tained by addressing H. J. Fisher, secretary,
Athens, Tenn.

BORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Dyspepsia.
Dr. J. C. WEBSTER, Chicago, says: "I con-
sider it valuable in many forms of dyspepsia."
CALIFORNIA WINES (strictly pure). Securely
packed. Send for price list. P. RICH & CO.,
735 Broadway, New York.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.
I would like to ask of thinking, sensible people,
if it is a wonder that so many thousands of people,
both male and female, will and do, daily suffer the
great trouble and inconvenience, to say nothing of
the pain and very serious consequences, caused by
that most worrying and loathsome disease, piles
or hemorrhoids, when they have offered them at
their door a plain, simple, sure and permanent cure.
Dr. Watson, of New York, has permanently located in
Atlanta, office rooms No. 104 Whitehall street.
By calling on him they will learn how easily, safely
and surely all old or recent cases can be perma-
nently cured without old painful and dangerous
practices of the knife, ligature, carbolic acid, and
other long, tedious and painful operations. Dr.
Watson has made the treatment of rectal diseases a
specialty for ten years. His treatment is almost
painless, and does not detain one an hour from
active business. It is a truly best reference
from persons treated and cured among your own
people. You can see them yourself. daw if

The Latest Novelty
In Christmas cards is the monella leaf, hand
painted, for sale by John M. Miller, 31 Marietta
street.

100 25 WASHING MACHINES FREE.—To introduce
them in Atlanta. If you want one, send for
Monarch Laundry Works, 89 Randolph St., Chicago,
Illinois.

The Capital City Land and
Improvement Co. will sell you
a lot and improve it as you may
desire. A small cash payment
and monthly installments for
balance will secure you a home.
Jacob Haas, secretary, Gate
City Bank building.

sp

Stamps for sale at the business

office of the Constitution.

Office open all day.

Go to G. J. Briant, Rome, Ga., for best whis-
kies by the jug, keg or barrel. Also Cincinnati
beer by the keg and bottles. 6m

Stamps for sale at Constitu-

tion business office. Open

day and night.

Remember

Your friends by sending them a Christmas card.

John M. Miller has a large and carefully selected
stock. 31 Marietta street.

FOR SALE—Those beauti-

ful lots on the east side of

Washington street, between

Clarke and Fulton; 10 per cent

cash and monthly installments

to suit purchaser will secure

one. Jacob Haas, Gate City

Bank building.

sp

For Sale—Five City of Atlanta Bonds.

The undersigned will sell or cause to be sold
at public outcry in front of the building of the At-
lanta National Bank, on Alabama street, in the city
of Atlanta, on the 31st day of December, 1909, at ten
o'clock, a. m., five (5) bonds of the city of Atlanta,
issued in 1892 and falling due in 1902, each for the
sum of one thousand dollars, principal bearing in-
terest at eight per cent per annum, coupons for
accrued interest from July 1, 1893, not de-
tached. Said bonds are numbered 30, 31, 32, 33
and 34, and which bonds have been heretofore
pledged by E. W. Holland, now deceased, to said
bank to secure the payment of certain indebted-
ness of said Holland, deceased, and which is past due
and unpaid.
Said bonds will be sold by virtue of the power
vested in said bank under the laws of said State.
This November 26th, 1909. PAUL ROMAN,
Clerk Atlanta National Bank.

subscribed till Dec 28

MAYNARD'S MILL, Monroe County, Ga., No-

vember 16.—Messrs. Rodgers, Worham & Co.,

Macon, Ga.—Dear Sirs: This is to certify that I

tested carefully the Lister's Standard Fertiliz-

ers bought of you this year alongside of several

other of the highest priced brands of complete

fertilizers sold in Macon by other firms. The

results show that Lister's produced enough

cotton in excess of the other brands to pay for

Lister's.

The fertilizers and cotton were all carefully

weighed and thoroughly satisfied me of the

superiority of Lister's Standard Fertiliz-

ers truly, B. A. HARR.

Write Lister's A. & C. Works, Baltimore, for

agency. 2m

When You

Get ready to buy a Christmas card go to John M.

Miller's, 31 Marietta street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CORONER.

A. F. LEE, one of the oldest and best known citi-
zens of Atlanta, announces to his many friends
that he is a candidate for Coroner.

FOR SALE—Desirably locat-

ed lots on the west side of

Capitol avenue, between Bass

and Love, will be sold on the

installment plan, if desired.
Jacob Haas, Gate City Bank
building.

D. H. Dougherty & Co.

GOOD MORNING!

HOW'D'YE

Hope you spent Christmas in such a manner that it may

be a green spot in your memory for the next seventy-five years,

and that you may be led to slaughter one hundred more

Christmas turkeys, and only one a year at that. We are a

heap weller than when we write you before, because we are so

thankful for the turkey and good things we enjoyed Christmas

and for the very liberal endorsement bestowed upon us in the

past by the folks.

Everything mentioned below, we want it understood clearly,
is down to the most fearful reduction ever known in Atlan-
ta. We mean every word of this. We are not overstocked, but
we simply anticipate a big trade following the holidays, and we
want to please our patrons with every possible inducement as
to real, genuine bargains.

BLANKETS!

An immense stock—whole car loads—going
from \$1 a pair to \$12.50; all good and remarka-
bly values. We have always sold the same
goods much higher.

COMFORTS!

Here is where we make competition hide its
head. We clean out the whole state on com-
forts. They range from 50c to \$3.

CLOAKS!

An unmerciful slaughter in prices. Every-
thing reduced, and we are determined to close
out our Short Wraps, Cloaks, Jersey Waists, etc.,
at almost any price, and this is where you can
reap the benefit of our low price system. We
defy any house in Georgia to touch us here,
also.

Flannels!

We are overstocked in flannels, and can offer
you some tempting bargains. White, ecru, and
gray and all colors in flannels away down be-
low the usual price, and no humbug.

Knit Underwear.

The season is advancing though the winter is
by no means over. We have sold more under-
wear than any two houses in Atlanta, but we
must get rid of the stock, so they are down,
down, down to the very bottom.

Dress Trimmings

Dress Trimmings, Fringes and Ornaments, at
"Knock-out-in-one-round" prices. A regu-
lar avalanche of low prices. If you have any
old dresses to remodel or retim, now is the
time, for trimmings are 33 1/3 per cent lower than
any time in years.

Something Wonderful!

100 dozen ladies' Kid Gloves, a big job lot, in-
cluding 2, 3, 4 and 5 button styles, all at the
unheard of prices of

25 CENTS A PAIR

Also a handsome line of Hook Gloves, Mosque-
taires, etc. None of these Gloves ever offered
less than 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 a pair. Our price,
remember, will be but 25 cents on this lot. You
have heard of bargains, but never any like this.

SHOES! SHOES!

We continue to do the shoe trade of Atlanta.

We use more men in our shoe department than
any house in the state. We sell more shoes than
any two houses in Atlanta. We have shoes at
all prices; and for all ages. Then, best of all,
we are below everybody in prices. Come to us
and be astonished.

D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received the most
remarkable bargains in

Handkerchiefs.

ever offered in Atlanta. Think of a whole
dozen ladies' handkerchiefs for 10c. They
are of really good quality.

A silk handkerchief for 5c or 50c a dozen.
A fine silk handkerchief, the best in Amer-
ica, for 25c—formerly worth 50c.

We have about 500 dozen of the above new
handkerchiefs, and it does look like we are
giving them away. We really never saw such
bargains.

D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

ARE YOU HUNTING A HOLIDAY GIFT?

BUY SOMETHING USEFUL.

YOU WILL FIND IT IN OUR

Immense Stock Men's, Boy's and Children's

Suits, Overcoats, Fine Furnishings.

EXAMINE OUR STOCK. SEE OUR PRICES.

HIRSCH BROS.,

CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,

42 AND 44 WHITEHALL STREET.

SCIPLE SONS

WE ARE STILL AGENTS FOR THE FAMOUS

JELICO COAL WE HAVE

I've been selling for the past several seasons, and there is none better;

TERRA COTTA STOVE FLUE

Absolutely fire-proof and reduces insurance. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Send for illus-
trated Catalogue and "Book of Useful Information."

LIME.

All kinds Cement, Plaster Paris, Sewer Pipe, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Stove Thimbles, Fire Brick,
Fire Clay, Cypress and Pine Shingles, Plasterers' Hair, Marble Dust and White Sand.

No. 8 Loyd Street, Near Markham House, Atlanta, Georgia.

8th pg

NEW YEAR'S! NEW YEAR'S!

HEADQUARTERS FOR

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

We has just opened a handsome line of these

goods at

M. M. TURNER & CO'S

The prices so CHEAP that everybody can

have a New Year's gift. And the cheapest lot

Dry Goods, Notions, etc., ever offered in At-
lanta.

M. M. TURNER & CO., 33 Peachtree Street.

wed sun —BLUE SIGN.—

Reduced Prices!

Reduced Prices!

To reduce our enormous stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS'

OVERCOATS, SUITS

AND PANTS,

We have Plunged the knife of reduction deep

into the price of every garment.

This is an opportunity never heretofore

offered before the holidays.

EISEMAN BROTHERS

Manufacturers of Clothing,

17 and 19 Whitehall Street,

Largest Clothing House in the State

IN THE

THE

VOL. XVII.

GENERAL LOGAN'S DE

THE ILLINOIS SENATOR DRE

HIS LAST.